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## For One Moment I Stopped Everything I Was Doing

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## For One Moment I Stopped Everything I Was Doing,

Waited for the sound to come, and then it sang to me.

A sweet tune from varnished horns glared at me,  
singing sweet, lovely notes made of glass and pearls.

I stopped and listened, the hand came down,  
whisked me away to the furthest ends of the sky.

I let it guide me to fields of fast paced slow-moving persons,  
just like me, in long white gowns.

Skimming with a touch of gold and blue,  
I sit down and listen to the voices around me,  
telling me of my new life.

I fly with the others, wings made of steel and feathers,  
we fly from dusk to dawn, in the light and the darkness.

I fly over my house, watch my children grow,  
and I watch my family decay in sorrow.

I sit by my husband's side, my arm around his  
shoulder and my fingers go through him like thin air.

I now realize I am gone.

He, they, them, all know I am there, in the abusive  
times and times of prosperity.

I will sit on my cloud in the sky,  
watch them grow and move on,  
never forgetting me or me forgetting them.

Place virgin roses by my grave,  
let the tears fall as they will,  
and my arms will be around you, hugging you once again.

Tears will fall down my cheeks,  
and no one is here to wipe them.

Our tears will all fall together in a giant puddle of sorrow,  
and our eyes will meet once again.

-Brian Waddington

"We shall see who emerges from the labyrinth: the minotaur or the man."

-Daniel Berrigan